From love and honesty.

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by meltingicecream

Summary

When you lose everything you love,
Even the light from hell
Looks like salvation.

When Luka thinks everything is doomed, the hidden nature of a man he didn't get to meet ignites a curiosity that evolves into obsession. Luka is sure this time he can make things right and find the warmth he has been desperately looking for ever since losing his light.

Notes

this is for the three luka/ivan shippers out there (me included). i proofread it, but since english isn't my first language, i can't say is polished to perfection hahaha. this has zero to no plot, since it's mostly a practice for nsfw writing, but nonetheless, i hope you all enjoy it ! <3

See the end of the work for more notes

The music from the floors beneath was loud, the thumping on the walls silencing the conversation over a hidden room.

Fancy doors decorated with care; a big bed with a smooth cover, to the naked skin it was like lying on a cloud, softness similar to touching heaven or taking a nap under the sun. A thin veil decorates the scene happening on the queen-size bed. Two males moved awkwardly, with a newfound familiarity.

“Ivan.” Luka breathed out. His chest heavy as he lies on top of the still man. Dark hair spread on the white sheets. “I’m so lonely.”

He kissed the exposed neck; it was hot, familiar, smooth. This warmth was so human.

This was the type of touch Ivan had craved since his eyes first darted in the direction of a certain silver-haired boy, but even when obtaining what he wished for so long, if it wasn’t with him, a hollow heart was all Ivan had left. Nothing but the scars of their last encounter to hold on to, the kiss, the love he had cursed with his own hands. Ivan embraced him with the only thing he knew how to do: destroy.

The touch of love, one that didn’t belong to him. It was enough to make his body recoil as Luka took the liberty to explore every exposed corner. “I’m so lonely. You understand, right?”

The taller male unexpectedly crossed both arms, locking them behind the neck of the blond, trying to pull him closer, to fuse both bodies. “Yes.”

Luka laughed.

“You were abandoned, you sacrificed everything for love.” He spoke like Ivan was a pitiful sight to look at.

The bitterness of surrender scratched the blond man’s throat. The last words of a dying woman, of his light, his world, his reason to live.

The wind of a breath over the skin Ivan had touched with his warm hands. Compared to his dying flesh, the body temperature was so high, it was comforting. Luka’s coldness found its way under the black shirt the man underneath him had been wearing.

“Cold.”

“I want your heat.”

“You can take it,” Ivan whispers, like a broken radio with static all over, the message barely audible. “No one wants it.”

“I can only destroy you.”

Ivan smiled. Luka’s eyes sparkled, such empty emotion, he wanted to eat it up, to see the fire inside the black void to consume itself into oblivion.

“You can try.”

Luka kissed the pale cheek, biting down on the skin, hearing a hiss

as a reply. It was small, quiet, as you would expect from someone who hides everything deep within themselves.

Both of them were trained, ruled over.

“No. You already broke, but I like it more this way.”

The playful hand finds a path to the chest of his victim. Ivan gasped, biting down on his lip. The blond hair fell down the angel’s face, washing away his sin, his impurity. “Let me pick you up. Let me build you with love, for me. I will keep you safe.”

“Like you couldn’t do it with her?”

Luka was the one to step back, face showing no emotion.

“What did you say?”

A mischievous smile was covered, mocking the older man, knowing what the implications were of such words. Luka slapped him, quieting down the sneering.

“I will take it,” he whispers to the men lying on the bed, “I can control my emotions, and you like the pain. You wouldn’t try to rile me up without a reason.”

Brushing his index finger down to Ivan’s belly, feeling the trembling of the skin underneath, trapped, hidden, a dirty secret. Untouched.

“Did he do it with you?” Luka retaliates, words cold as ice, but his tongue tastes the exposed skin over his neck. “Did he choke you? Is that why you did it? Maybe you wished he had done it.”

Ivan closed his eyes, trying to pretend he was foreign to the poison the blond fed him.

“So cute.” Luka’s cold fingers found their way to the neck of the black haired doll, no fighting back, just accepting, drinking up the darkness. “You didn’t see it, but he lost it as soon as I did this.” He brushed Ivan’s neck. When the taller male finally understood the words the blond angel had spat in his face, it was too late. Purple fingers holding down, different from the tenderness Ivan had shown in his own performance, just like the rain of that day, his skin tainted with coldness. It was oddly familiar.

“When you press here, even if you’re so strong, I don’t need that.” His fingers pressing down, like a dagger, only one hand, nothing else. “It’s the carotid artery. Just here, below your jawline. You won’t get scared, right?”

Ivan held his breath, his black eyes lost in those citrine quartz that seemed to know everything. He tried to forget, to pretend he didn’t understand what Luka was saying. What those words were implying. Punishment, a game the black haired man had lost before it had even started. “Don’t cheat. Don’t hold it in.”

Luka lets go, and Ivan gasps, coughing as he tries to breathe in. Afraid to lose whatever was left of his sanity.

“Unsha always talks about how obedient you are… how easy you

are…" the blond looked down on him, jet black eyes couldn't hide the repressed fear. He had died once, and now, before an angel of death, Ivan found himself unable to accept such a fate again. "I won't kill you. I told you, I want you." The tone in the voice is reassuring.

"You want her." The younger man tries to correct his senior.

The same hand that deprived the precious oxygen before, now carefully moved the strands of his hair, wet, sticking to the cold sweat on his forehead.

"Stop trying, Ivan. You are already a mess." He kissed the small bruising over the pale skin. "It's easy to mark you. If I undress you, will I find traces of someone else…?" A cruel pause, the darkness of the abyss inside those eyes staring back at Luka. "Of something else?"

The male under him was really strong. As he jumped, Luka fell onto the mattress. So easy to rile up, yet always with the polite mask, even under all the panic painted over his face, Ivan smiled at Luka, so bright, forcing himself painfully. The blond wanted to taste it, to snatch it for himself.

Honest only to his own conscience, it was true, the older man wanted her. No one else but Hyuna, the woman who had shown him what it means to feel alive, and the one who had taken his heart, now just a ghost of what a human was. Like a carcass holding onto the warmth of the life it once had.

Ivan, he was so intriguing. Giving up his life for someone who denied ever seeing the sparkle this person had hidden within, a flicker anyone who looked deep enough could grab and expose.

Confined as a beloved pet, Luka thinks this sort of life really fits the black haired doll. His keepers had taken care of every wound, begging for Heperu's help. The opportunity of a business was never skipped by Luka's owner; for such a power-hungry person, it was impossible to fight off greed. At first, the blond hadn't cared about it; some pet not damaged enough was asked back, then natured to be kept as a trophy. However, they had been weirdly insistent about it. Trying to get a word with the businessman, even at the personal dinner parties where Luka was dragged to. This ends up with the blond weirdly invested in what pet made them go this far.

Unsha and his wife only had one rule: give him back, untouched. They looked dangerous, but remained in check when Heperu was around. Luka could smell the bruised ego of Ivan's owner.

The fallen angel took a risky chance, unbuttoning the pants as he sat on his heels, zipper falling with a torturous pace. "Are you, perhaps, interested in how I knew you were alive?"

Cold hands pulling the piece of cloth down those defined thighs. "They made a calendar. 15 pictures, posing, each one more open, inviting." The tip of his fingers teasing over the underwear. "Do you

remember taking these off?”

Ivan felt like throwing up, similar to vertigo, he let his back hit the silky sheets, head spinning. Luka laughed, really loud, but not loud enough to be overheard from outside the room, music still playing on top of their personal conversation.

“Just kidding.” He reassured the younger male. The reply is just a plastic smile, one that doesn’t reach beyond the action of moving his mouth. “Calm down, your owners really care. As much as they can love a pet.”

Without warning, the blond man takes away the last piece of clothing. Ivan’s cock rested, almost hard, but small in size; the skin around it was perfectly groomed, exposed, as if inviting to dirty it up. Not giving him more than a few seconds to admire the anatomy before the citrine quartz eyes. Both hands are quick to hide the exposed intimacy, like something that wasn’t meant to be seen. Luka smacked both hands, but the taller man kept pulling down the shirt, as his back pressed against the bed, lying in the devil's lair.

“Don’t look.” Ivan trembled. “I will hit you.” Clearly an empty threat, not too convincing when he was so desperate to cover himself up.

“Oh?” The blond stood on his knees, and Ivan made himself smaller on the bed. Knees flexed and thighs tightened around his hands, leaving no chance for another peek. What a pity, he really wanted to see it again. Was Ivan already hard? It looked unexpectedly… tiny, with such a strong body, you would imagine a sculpture with perfect anatomy. Yet, he carries such delicate intimacy.

“It’s clearly embarrassing for you.” The tone didn’t carry any ill intent. “But, you will have to stay like that. If you move your hands, game over.”

Ivan’s dark eyes waver. The mask cracks, bleeding emotions that can’t be fully contained. The blond male would often find a way to get under his skin, but even when spitting at Luka’s face, it always looked like he had been waiting for it.

The younger male tenses as his hands tighten, censoring the painful erection. He does know, he was aware its size wasn’t exactly average, but rather below, over his head, it didn’t come to mind that another person, besides the one in charge of carefully cleaning and grooming his body, would ever witness his figure. This was intimate, something Ivan didn’t permit himself to ever think about a situation that involved these sorts of acts, but Luka was different.

Luka looked like he knew things, as if life had taught him about everything there is to know. His pale right hand ghosted over his victim’s neck; the hold wasn’t strong, it was just cold, firm and a clear indication: stay put.

He unbuttoned the black shirt, not trying to take it off, but to expose the skin under. Chest almost soft to the touch, his left hand groping the unexplored area.

"What… are you… doing?" The breathless voice sounds low and confused.

"I didn't want to come." He whispered, ignoring the man's confusion, resting his face on top of the warm chest. A rapid heartbeat, a healthy one. Ivan probably didn't know the blood had been harvested just for him, taken away from alive bodies with no thoughts of their own. "But Heperu said it was important. And I was curious, Unsha acts odd when he talks about you, his face looks like it cares. It's eerie how it's almost human-like. I'm so jealous." Luka bit down on the erect nipple. Ivan tried to push himself further into the pillows. The older man licked over the puffy chest, as if saying sorry for before. "They said you were obedient. I wish I had seen this nature of yours first. Your owners said, "go play with our Ivan." They really don't understand humans, but as pets, I can only have so much self-control. To their eyes, I'm an animal nonetheless."

The wetness from the tongue licking over the tender nipple was too much. Ivan had never touched there. It was an electrifying feeling.

"I'm jealous that they have you." Luka sucks on the perky chest harshly, pinching the sensitive nub with his free hand. "Can I have you too?"

"Wait."

"Is it about him?"

Ivan can't hide the glittering fire in the depths of his eyes that is tingling. Those feelings look so perfect, full of hope, slowly drowning in despair.

"I don't understand what-" the blond man bites down hard on the pink button, the back of the taller male arches, one hand covering the moan fighting to get out.

"One hand less. I told you before, pay attention."

"Cheater." His tone has a slight irritation.

"Why? You told me I could try." He kissed down the one remaining arm, close to taking a peek at the dirty secret Ivan fought to hide. "Here."

The older one stuck four fingers inside the other's mouth, skin against his snuggle tooth, forcing him to keep it open, playing with his tongue. "You're warmer on the inside."

Ivan choked, not because of the words the blond had spat like it was nothing, but because the coldness of the long fingers found its way to the throat. Gagging, saliva drips down his chin, and it spills over the perfectly tender-looking hand, making the skin glisten.

Now with a free hand, the taller male weakly grabbed Luka's wrist.

“Easy there.” A warning to be careful with the movements the younger one might make.

With a wet sound, his fingers retract a little. Breathing hard as if hyperventilating. The blond man gives him space, and a sense of security. When trust settled in, Luka’s hand that had been passively resting on his neck, instead of a gentle hold, now the pressure had become tighter, like a collar too small for him. Panic gurgling from the bottom of his stomach, but before he could try to make a sound, those cold fingers slipped right in, caressing his teeth, as if counting each one individually. Pushing his tongue down, Ivan just licked, begging for a break, trying to earn it with good behaviour. When his vision would go blurry, Luka gradually let go of his neck, but he deserved one choked breath in, before losing the privilege of air once again, his throat burning with every assault from the fingers, knuckles brushing against tooth, jaw wide open.

His mouth was the first one to get a rest, as the hand slipped away, a thread of saliva uniting them as one for as long as it could.

He tried to breathe, Ivan really tried, but Luka’s hold over his neck was controlling, not with force but confidence and precision. While focusing on the lack of oxygen, one wet finger had slid between his legs, making its way inside. A small whimper makes it pass those pink lips.

“As expected, warm.”

Ivan didn’t fight back; he just cupped his remaining hand, successfully covering most of his intimacy. The way this person acts is unexpectedly shy; it was endearing.

“How many fingers are inside you?” Luka pushed his index past the rim, caressing the fingertip against the tight wall.

Ivan didn’t reply. Luka clicks his tongue, disappointed, making the man flinch underneath. “Don’t worry,” he coddles the black haired doll, “I like this defiant side of you, too.”

He pushed against the tender orifice, watching the sweat covering the trembling body deliciously. It’s like a dessert begging to be eaten. Luka feels like such sweetness could fill his insides with something similar to love.

Ivan whimpers a lot, even when biting down on the side of his free hand. It was a nice voice; it had a certain edge to it.

Another finger added, struggling to make room, it bumps against a sweet spot inside his ass. The raven-haired boy cries out, this time in a higher pitch. Mind going blank, both hands covering the flushed face by instinct, unable to fully grasp where that indecent voice had come from.

His win. Luka doesn’t think twice; he grabs the small dick with his whole fist. With two fingers in, pumping him, opening his ass for the

blond man to delight himself, to feel and taste. Now powerless, Ivan couldn't hide the insecurity. The blond stared at his hand, wrapping the heat with care, the tiny boner fits perfectly against his soft palm, the top is flushed red, pre-cum dripping down slowly by the barely visible tip.

Ivan knows he made a mistake, tense, face hidden, gasping for air, muffling to no avail the cutest cries of pleasure. Tender skin begging to be marked as Luka's property. What a shame, the blond man really wishes he could catch a glimpse of the lewd expression. Anything to quench the thirst, but you win some, you lose some.

Sitting down on his heels more comfortably, Luka bent down to taste the leaking fluid. It was bitter, but the trembling and gasps would sweeten its taste.

"Please, stop. I don't…don't," the words slur out of his mouth, "you, you-! You can't touch it like that…"

His tiny manhood craving for attention. The angel's mouth wrapped around the head, his tongue circling it with a lewd wet sound. Ivan sobs, overwhelmed by the pain of both digits scissoring him open, and the contrast of the wetness that envelops the small cock. It felt too good, burning, hot. The younger man was slowly melting under the palm of a man he barely knew.

Luka cups the balls in his hand, pushing the delicate intimacy into his mouth; it barely reaches his throat, pulsating against his wet tongue. Ivan grabbed the silky blond hair, trembling hands attempting to shove the head away, but it's not hard enough. Luka laughs, the vibrations making the thighs, now over the older man's shoulder, tense. The blond flickers one hand over the smooth leg, stroking the inside of the skin, while hollowing his cheeks, head moving up and down, tongue wrapped around the hardened meat, its size made it easier. The way Ivan's cock would twitch was adorable.

"Wait…" Whimpers a muffled voice. Letting go slowly, Luka stops at the tip, teasing it painfully with his tongue. "It's too…" a small gasp, a realisation, "stop!"

Pretending not to hear the overwhelming cries, he stared, trying to catch a sight of the hidden gem. Ivan's mouth was open, his fang visible, tongue peaking out, drooling uncontrollably.

"Luka…!" Oh, his name being said by that sweet broken voice. As a reward, he pushed the fingers further inside, touching the spot that made the whole body of his victim shudder. "Let go! I have to go… I can't hold it in."

"Please." Crying, overstimulated. Ivan felt like losing control of his body. As if he were sitting on the edge, almost falling. "Ugh…"

The thighs on the shoulders tensed, and the older man smiled softly. He had been teasing the hole enough to pump both fingers faster, his

knuckles slapping against the entrance, as he abused Ivan's special spot. A pool of heat started to form at the bottom of the younger's belly, tugging at the skin. He spilt all over as soon as the mischievous tongue found its way to the slit on the tip.

He cried out a small scream, hands shaking, vision blurred as he came into the wet warmth of Luka's mouth. Without swallowing, he lets go of the tender cock, falling limp, smaller than before. Both fingers curled against the bump inside Ivan's virgin hole. Lost in pleasure, now the whimpering was delighting to hear at full volume. Face finally uncovered, the skin was red all over, tears spilt in the smooth skin, as his legs fell limp on the blonde's shoulders. His dick twitched, hard inside his pants, two fingers not even near enough stretching.

With his free hand, Luka tugs at him, body a lot easier to handle, fingers still buried as he folds the man, back straight, both shoulders against the mattress, ass lifted in the air, gaping against his fingers. Ivan's cheeks are a little red after the fingering session from before. He can see those black eyes looking from underneath, scared, as if begging to be let go; however, his walls would contract, pulling him in, holding onto his pleasure. The blonde used both fingers to spread the hole open, his body leaning forward, feeling the pressure of the strong back against his hardened cock. Opening his mouth, the thick cum leaks into the opening, mixed with Luka's saliva. Ivan covers his mouth, eyes wide open in shock, as the liquid fills him up.

The older man adds a third finger; it's slow, but with cum and spit being stirred inside, it's even more embarrassing. The wetness made a squelching sound every time the digits spread the black haired man open. Ivan kept sobbing; the pleasure was uncontrollable, like a drill opening up his skull. Forced to watch how his sensitive penis would harden once again, not under command, but a victim of the heat on his lower stomach.

It felt like Luka knew what to say and do every time, reading him like no one had done before. Was he that honest in intimacy, or was that fallen angel before him a real prodigy? Unlike him, not putting up an act.

"Do you hear it?" Ivan tensed up. The blond thinks it's sexy how the hot walls squeeze his fingers. On the back, something hard poked his skin, but the younger one pretends not to notice. "Oh, you like it,"

Luka breathed out, near the rim. While the three fingers would open Ivan a lot more easily, his tongue slid in, tasting the seed once again. It was so hot, afraid it might melt him, he moved the tongue in and out.

"Dirty," a muffled cry. The begging fell on deaf ears. The movement of the fingers scraping his insides, "it's dirty… take it… away…"

It was like a game, and Luka found himself enjoying his snack with a little too much fervour.

He uses his finger and tongue to fuck him up, his mouth sucking around the rim. Every time his fingers press too deep, he uses his tongue to open the small hole a little more. It burns, but the obscene slurping sound is distracting enough to make Ivan go insane.

He is tapping restlessly on his insides. The fingers now easily slid in, pain just a memory, as the tongue invades Ivan's insides one more time. Three fingers open the hole up, Luka spits inside, as the man at the bottom yelps, fingers drilling the saliva. Burying his face between the soft cheeks, he eats the man out without mercy. By the time the older man comes back to his senses, he shallowly flickers the tip of his tongue inside. Ivan's hole was exquisitely open, and the saliva was leaking down the scarred back of the bigger man. His knuckles were against the hot rim, almost burning. The fallen angel smiles, so tender, and almost mocking the innocence being stripped away.

Luka finds that the younger one had been begging him to stop for a while. Ivan's own cum smeared all over his wet face. Eyes black, the small fire inside blurry with tears that wouldn't stop.

"I'm sorry… I'm sorry. Stop, please…"

"Ivan…"

The tender way he spoke his name received a small nod as a reply. Luka helps him go back to the mattress, the whole body shaking as his fingers slip out.

"You will be good, right?" The sound of a zipper pulled down, then as two hands spread both legs out of the way, something hard hits Ivan's stomach, the naked skin making a slapping sound echo around the room. The black haired man gasps, teary eyes looking at the hard cock against his own, a lot bigger and thicker, the tip dripping some pre-cum around his flat belly. Luka grabs it by the base, slapping it against Ivan's intimacy; it's humiliating. "You will take it, or perhaps you are not ready… maybe..."

"I can take it." It's a low whisper that falls to deaf ears.

His mouth waters, unsure of what else to say. It's true, Luka had the biggest dick Ivan had ever seen, from the tip to the base, it got thicker, veins standing out. He had some blond curly hair, a slim happy trail exposed to him. The shaft had a rosy tint, and for a man, Ivan would describe it as pretty. He found his hole gaping at the thought of such manhood penetrating his warm heat.

"Maybe you aren't ready."

The smile Luka gave was beautiful, out of this world, so tender and pure, it didn't match the cruelty of his joke. "Don't get upset. It seems you don't enjoy my humour."

The man underneath just frowns a little.

“Help a little, will you?” Ivan doesn’t say anything, but his stare was enough. Luka spreads some of the cum over the other’s face, praising him with a sweet touch. “Your owners said you were obedient…”

“Yeah.” The raven-haired lets the positive affirmation out like a sigh he had been holding back.

The unexpected reply made Luka’s cock twitch, warm pre-cum dripping over the naked stomach. Hot all over, Ivan saw the blush over the pale skin and felt his own body heat go up.

“Come here.” Luka sits down on the bed, legs open. The bigger man rolls over, crawling between both legs, face snuggling against the erection, like a cat looking for affection. “Good. Now kiss it.”
The softness of the skin was addictive. Ivan’s mouth was even better; his lips had been bitten enough to make them look puffier, with a tasty cherry tint. He had planted an innocent peck, and Luka laughed at the thought that the younger one understood this as a kiss.

“Place your mouth around the tip.” Obeying the commands, the wetness of the mouth was enjoyable.

Luka wanted to push his growth inside, to abuse the throat until Ivan would cry. And even when those big hands would try to push him away, Luka would just trust further inside, until the man was broken, with no other choice than swallowing the cum. But Ivan’s clumsiness was proof enough of his lack of experience; even when enjoying teasing, the looks on those eyes were so fragile. The older man was afraid of getting to a no-return place if he wasn’t careful enough. Especially when Ivan is the type of person who easily takes on the responsibility of taking care of others' needs before his own.
“That’s right, swallow it slowly, as much as you can.” Luka whispers, his hand carefully caressing the soft black hair.

Wrapping the mouth around the tip was a lot different from swallowing it whole. Ivan had always taken pride in quick learning, but this was beyond any physical challenge he had faced.

As he sank his head lower, a grunt scraped the mouth of the blond, his hands petting the head of such an obedient young man. Playing with the strand of hair, as Ivan gagged around his cock, it was endearing; it made it twitch in excitement.

“That’s good.” He hums as a reply, and the slender body feels a jolt of pleasure as the inexperienced tongue would lick around the veins, playing around. “Be careful.”

Ivan liked the way the blonde spoke. It was funny. It made his stomach tingle, getting him hot all over.

“Don’t go too…”

Choking himself, he relaxed his throat. As it went deeper, the more he struggled. His snaggletooth brushes against the hard-on.

“Fuck!” Luka pulls the black hair, but his hips betray his actions as

he thrusts up. Unintentionally fucking Ivan's face.

His skin is wet with tears and dry cum, sobbing with an aching mouth, barely holding onto the erection. Letting go with a wet pop, Luka pulls his hair enough to bend his head back.

"Don't do that." The tone sounds cold. That's the most emotion the blond had given him.

He smiles, the sort of expression one would make after acting out on a whim. It's his win this time.

Luka guides Ivan back to the bed, pressing his body against the softness of the mattress. The silky feeling of the bed was nice against the naked skin. The blond man kicks his pants off as he lies on his side. His hands are cold as he grabs the thick hips of the man, turning him to the side too. The bigger man's back pressed against the blond's chest, breathing slow and in sync.

Luka's cock is begging for more attention, the ruined orgasm from before leaving him hungry for more. He uses his fingers to tease the rim, a little swollen from before but still wet. Fingers go in easily, and now when he moves the digits, Ivan deliciously grinds down, as if asking for a little more.

"It will hurt." He warns him. Giving space for a last chance to pull back.

The raven boy nodded, his own hand grabbing his ass, opening it up for Luka to watch. He bites down on the exposed neck, his dressed chest felt warm against the naked skin of Ivan's scarred back.
He guides the tip slowly, kissing the hole, smothering it with the pre-cum. With two fingers still inside, and the help of the delicate hand Ivan had placed for easy access, Luka pushed no more than the head, the damp feeling of the cum and saliva that had mixed inside was so erotic, his cock twitching with anticipation.

"Agh."

"Breathe slowly." He commands, licking over the marking of his own bite on the virgin skin. "That's it."

Ivan whimpers, his nails digging the exposed flesh of his ass. His bottom would burn every time Luka would push inside; it felt like being split in two. The cold fingertips found their way to his chest, pinching over the aching nipple. "Does it hurt?"

"Yeah."

The fallen angel laughs, pulling the sensitive pink nub, nails scratching the skin. Ivan gasps, hips shaking back, and Luka takes his cock out, once again just the tip teasing the warm walls. "Do you want me to stop?"

"I thought you knew." Ivan quotes him with a sarcastic tone.

It's cute how the younger male tried so hard to bite back, but that guilt was always heavier. Yeah, it's true, he does know. Ivan is

intelligent, he understands, and adapts.

“I do.” Luka says, the male beside him doesn’t say much, looking away from the angelical face.

He is slowly fucking his way further into the tight hole again, fitting the whole size slowly. Luka starts with short strokes; the room echoes with the sultry sound of their skin slapping together. The base of Luka’s dick was thick, and the tip was slightly bent, poking somewhere near his lower abdomen.

“I can’t breathe.” The insecure tone is paired with small gasps. Ivan felt he might pee from the pressure alone. “I can’t… It’s tearing.”

Luka hides his smile on Ivan’s back as he kisses the exposed shoulder. His hand scurried under the space between the bed and Ivan’s neck, his hand carefully brushing away the hair from the sweaty forehead. “It’s not, it’s okay. I won’t hurt you more than you want me to.”

Sweet kisses trail from his temple down the commissure of Ivan’s lips. The man beside him looks more shocked at the intimate brush of the soft action. For that starved child, anything romantic was welcomed; it’s such a letdown to be a witness to the aching loneliness.

“I won’t leave.” Luka starts moving his hips slowly, with a lewdly squelching sound, reaching a little deeper with each slow thrust. He takes his time pulling out, then going back in. “I will show you love.”

Ivan shakes, biting down on the skin on the back of his hand. On the inside, the tender muscle is torn apart by Luka’s manhood. It hurts, but his overwhelmed prostate starts to turn any discomfort into an intoxicating feeling of pleasure. Slowly going insane every time the tip opens him up, abusing his colon.

“No, no, it’s weird.” Ivan grabs his stomach. “Take it out, please.”

“Are you sure?” The blond man asks, genuinely, as he stops moving all at once. “Talk to me.”

“It’s too deep, you’re going to break it.” Ivan sobs out, covering his face with one hand as the other hides his lower stomach. “It’s here… take it… out…”

Luka takes the chance to give a final push, hips slapping the tender skin of Ivan’s ass. It’s soft and hot inside. The man beside him shivers as he takes time to adjust. The blond man almost moves, his cock begging to fuck this hole sore, but that’s not what he wants; he wishes for a slow, intimate break, his hand ghosted over the bigger one on Ivan’s stomach.

Ivan gasps, face turning back, those shiny gems looking at him, a tender smile on his lips. “No…”

“Why?” It is a sincere question, no belittling. “I want you to feel how I fill you up.”

He grinds, the bulge on his lower stomach pressing against Ivan’s

palm, when he tries to move away, the cold fingers of Luka keep him in place, putting pressure down.

"Wait, no, stop." He gasps. "Ugh…"

Ivan bites down on his lip as the cock penetrating him slowly moves backwards and forward, painfully slow as his prostate melts against the girth. It milks his tender spot constantly with subtler moves, yet it never quite reaches a breaking point.

"Do you really want me to stop?" He feels so open, so sure of the reply that's going to come.

Ivan covers his mouth, turning his head back to the front, the arm under his neck flexes, pushing a digit inside the warm mouth, letting the man suck the digits as he gasps softly with every slow grind.

"Talk to me, sweetheart." It's not cute at all, but rather condescending. Patience is slowly wearing out.

Ivan doesn't reply, he closes his eyes, licking the fingers fucking his mouth.

Luka smiles, biting down on the exposed skin, kissing it when he's done, like a caress after a hit. The hand that had been holding Ivan's in place on the lower stomach travels back to the hole he's fucking into. Fingers spread open the cheeks as he checks Ivan's ass. It's swollen, wet and red.

"Does it hurt?"

Ivan denies it, moving his head side to side.

"Are you ready?" Tone so soft you might think the blond man was being caring.

He didn't give the younger male a chance to reply.

Luka turns Ivan to his stomach; it's a swift movement that forces the mouth around the fingers to let go with a wet pop. The tender nipples brushing against the silk makes a moan die on the throat of the younger man, pretending the skin wasn't itching to be marked, sucked, and kissed.

The hand that had been holding him softly now presses his head against the bed. Luka bites his lip, hips shaking after burying himself inside Ivan's warmth. It's good, he can feel how the man underneath trembles in pleasure, his inner walls contracting deliciously, milking the huge cock as if begging to be fucked senseless.

"You feel so good." Luka purrs. He lies on top of the man, Ivan's ass perking up to meet with this thrust. "You are so good."

He moves a little faster, rubbing his hips, a rotating move that drills the limp body under his body weight. Even when Luka isn't particularly strong, it feels good to be pinned. Every time the blond man pushes inside, his own cock rubs with the soft sheets; the skin is raw, the orgasm from before still hasn't worn out.

A cold hand pushes Ivan's hips up, giving Luka the chance to slip

under, hand jerking around the smaller dick, full fist grabbing the younger man's intimacy.

He kisses down the naked back, as a whine comes out of Ivan's mouth, drooling against the bed, he can hardly breathe. The bigger man is being forcefully jerked off, there's no use. If he pushes back, he is met with skin as Luka opens him up deep inside; if he pushes forward, he fucks the fist around his cock, tenderly overstimulated. Ivan shakes, a violent orgasm makes the body beneath him break down. His back arches, body tense, his seed dripping from Luka's tight fist. The man on top let out a breathless laugh, eyes rolling back, the bottom's ass had tightened around his cock, and the blond had almost cum on the spot. Ivan's neck gets bitten from behind. He is being fucked a lot faster than before; the closer he gets to spilling the seed inside, the harder Luka bites down.

Ivan doesn't have time to ride out the ecstatic orgasm, his flaccid penis is pressed helplessly against the soft surface. He can feel the overstimulation building up; the same hand that had been masturbating him now holds his hips in place. Luka moves with more precision, constantly hitting a weird spot inside the black haired man.

"Please move…" Ivan begs, trying to wiggle his way out. "I need to go, move, move."

"It's okay."

"No!" He begs, pinned against the bed, struggling to keep himself collected. Begging for mercy. "Don't look, please."

When he asks this cutely, it hurts to refuse. This is what dominance is about, knowing when or how to push.

"Gshh gshh." Simulating the sound of piss, Ivan opens his eyes wide at how far Luka can take things. The red flame inside looks explosive. Shame washes over his back, he was done for, Luka wasn't letting him go.

The dick inside feels like it's piercing his insides, his lower stomach bulging every time the blond fucks him deep enough, he gets filled up so good. Luka thinks this man might have natural talent in being wrecked, especially when he so desperately wants to get out, yet remains in place like a good pet. Taking it, moaning, almost spilling all over. He knows how to push the right places. The bump inside of Ivan, that delicate spot, is rubbed by the thick cock begging for some release. So when Ivan tenses up, fire igniting on his lower stomach, the third orgasm is a squirt of watery cum, mouth wide open as he grunts and finishes with a whine, his small dick didn't get a chance to get fully hard before wetting himself. Luka gives a messy thrust, the way Ivan tenses his muscles up is enough for him to breed deep inside, pumping cum inside Ivan.

"Feels good?"

He hates it, but it does feel good. It's like being stuffed, so warm inside.

Ivan gasps, body trembling as Luka pulls out.

"Feels good…" he whispers, lying down on bed, shaking as the sperm oozes down his balls. "My stomach…"

Luka smiles, the way you would smile after seeing a cute animal do a trick.

"We aren't done." The way the blond speaks is clear, not slurred like Ivan's attempts to beg. "Ride me, will you?"

His body asks to deny such an incredulous demand, but as he stands up, the cum dripping down makes Ivan feel tingly. Luka only had one orgasm, while he had enjoyed it enough to make his head fuzzy.

"Yeah…" he whispers as a reply.

The blond man always seems to know what to do, as he takes the tender hand between his own, guiding it to his shoulder for more support. When Ivan lifts his leg, Luka also helps him, his cold fingertips squeezing the tender thigh, as he guides the taller male onto his lap.

It doesn't take long to get hard. Ivan was shaking, body tensing at any small tease, yet so determined and willing to be fucked by him.

"Ivan."

The man doesn't reply.

"Ivan…" Luka purrs, his tongue licking across the puffy nipple, one hand guiding his tip near the entrance. "Ivan."

"Yeah?" He finally breathes out, voice low and broken. Clearly embarrassed.

"Be mine."

"Wha…?"

The blond doesn't wait for him to finish, the tender hands that had been helping him betray the trust that had been gifted, forcing Ivan to sit down in one go. It was too big to take all, it had touched somewhere it shouldn't have. It was like a tight ring being spread open from the inside. It hurts, but as his body goes limp, and he sobs out, Luka licks on the chest, both hands helping the bigger body to move up and down. Ivan was lost in pleasure, legs burning as he jumped up and down on the erection, body heavy and light at the same time, as he was being actively guided by the man on the bottom. Barely conscious, waves of pleasure hit as the deep thrusts open that tight space again, bulging his stomach.

"Let me love you, Ivan." He whispers over the nipple, biting down on the reddened button. The man whines, too many sensations to be able to focus, lost in lust. His small cock had gotten hard once again. "Let me give you everything I have, my love, my life, my time. I think, my devotion, your selflessness, would mix well."

“What are…?”

Luka bites down on the nipple, his hands pushing the man’s hips down, and his cock pushes up as the skin slaps together.

“You’re perfect for the role.” His lips ghost to the other nipple, licking first, tongue flat on the skin. “You taste good.”

“You’re… you… are… insane.”

“I want to eat you. Do you feel it?” His right hand leaves the bruising hip. Pressing down on the bulge on Ivan’s stomach. Mouth open, drooling as both eyes go white in pleasure. Overwhelmed by the intrusion on his colon, his body shakes in fear from the deep reach, that wall that had been teasing with each slow thrust now opens willingly every time Ivan sits balls deep on the cock that had been owning him for the last few hours. “Oh. Did you cum?”

Ivan whines, hiding his face on top of Luka’s head, who bites down on the nipple he had been tenderly licking. “I can feel my dick every time you sit on it.”

It makes him shiver. As Luka’s hand strokes his lower abdomen.

“You’re mostly muscle. It’s hot, I can feel how your stomach outlines my cock. I want to imprint my shape inside you.”

This is dirty, but being praised was fuel enough to keep going. His thighs ache, but Ivan is completely sure riding him was pleasurable for Luka. He grunts at certain angles and bites down on the skin every time Ivan tightens.

The blond man sucks on the curvy male’s chest, one hand groping the skin, slapping the chest, scratching the nipple, while the other was taking care of pressing down on Ivan’s stomach.

Luka smiles. It was time.

“You can pretend it’s him.”

Ivan stops, cock mid-way, as his legs tremble holding his own weight. No. He wouldn’t do that. Maybe he heard wrong.

“I don’t mind… if it helps you love me, close your eyes.” Ivan sobs. What? What’s Going on? His head is spinning, and his eyes got wet again.

As Luka throws the shaking body to the side of the bed. He stands up, precum dripping down the tip, as he walks beside the bed, and places himself between the beautiful legs. Those black eyes, usually so expressionless, seem to glisten with the confusion of Luka’s words. “Close your eyes.”

The cold hand is placed over the darkness, leaving him unable to know how to act or what to say. To imagine him…? No! No, he would never do something like that. And that person probably thinks he’s dead, for the better. Now no one can get in his way, and he can find happiness.

“Your feelings, I care about them,” Luka whispers, his hard-on yet

again finding comfort in Ivan's inside. "I want them all. I will love you correctly. You won't get to be away from me… this time, with you, I will make everything right." His thumb pressed down a little further down his navel. "I wanna cum here so you can feel me."

"Please, let's take a break." Ivan whimpers. He opens his eyes, but the hand over his eyes makes it impossible to witness how the angelic man lies between his legs. "Luka, Luka, please…"

"You are calling me, that's cute."

He plants a small kiss on the man's jaw, a small loving gesture, that makes Ivan tremble. But it's not time, not yet. They will have a visitor soon, one that Luka had been edging with the presence of a certain black haired man.

"Are you sure it's me you want to see?"

No one would love him, if it's not Luka, then it would only be this empty house, every other day he stays locked in. Who else if not him?

It's time to let go. Luka said Till survived. He reassured him, and he promised the man was okay. Ivan can live with that. There was nothing else that needed to be known. If the man he had loved his whole life was finally free, then Ivan would be happy. Deep inside, he would even feel content if Till might think a few times about the time they spent together. And maybe, just maybe, remember what Ivan looks like. Just a small space in his head.

"Let me see." But the hand doesn't move.

"Ivan."

The man nods, his own hands opening his hole for the blond between his legs. Luka kisses his neck, one knee on the bed, pushing his cock one last time inside. The man was so inviting, sticky and swollen, the skin was so tender, Ivan whimpered his name as he let go.

"Yeah, is it good?"

"Do it harder…" begs the black haired man, hips grinding.

"Like this?"

Luka uses his knee as support, his hips moving in and out, a swift move that shakes the bed. It's not harsh, more like messy, as both of them breathe erratically. Ivan feels he's been fucked raw, his stomach is heavy, and full.

Luka's cock always picking on his prostate, it makes his mind go blank every time the blond angel thrusts down at a certain angle. He doesn't stop, lower abs aching at the workout, but the way Ivan is breaking apart is delicious. He almost forgets about the surprise, almost.

"I love you, Ivan." Luka says, his hand pinching the swollen nipple, reddish and purple tones around it from harsh love bites. "I love you."

The door opens slightly.

One head poking from outside, silver hair, short, dirty. The stranger looks around the heavily decorated room. There's a figure spread on the bed, the person is letting out high-pitched moans that seem to be forced out by pleasure, as the harsh slap of wet skin resonates under the music. Those teal eyes know who that is, the toned chest, the white skin, the tender look of those grabby hands the person is making to a blond he would rather never see again.

"I love you." Ivan sounds broken, sobbing out as he begs for some contact. Luka smiles; those yellow eyes of a predator fixated on Till.

"I don't know if I can believe you." Teases the blond.

"I love you, Luka." He hates how the name of that person slips past those puffy lips. Oh. They probably had kissed. Till finds himself wondering if this has ever happened before.

The blond must've done a pretty good job, as shorter but faster thrusts, a luscious moan that he never thought Ivan could make sounds on a loop on his head. Till wants to say no; he doesn't want to hear it anymore. Why is Luka doing that? He can't, Ivan wouldn't. He wouldn't say that to someone else.

"I love you too, Ivan."

That isn't right. Not with that monster. Ivan deserved better; he deserved to be loved… not whatever this was.

Luka finally gives in, Ivan's hands holding onto the neck of the older man. He finds the lips that had been begging for attention, the younger one licks the inside of the warm mouth, and Luka takes the opportunity to shove his cock three or four times, grinding down on the deeper spot as he cums. Ivan holds him with desperation as he gets filled for the last time.

Till watches the body tremble, the wet sound of a rough kiss mocking the person witnessing the scene. Lower body numb, something warm bubbling, as he hears the cries from the black haired man being kissed silent. Till knows that body so well, he wishes he could deny ever seeing it.

Ivan never lets go, holding onto salvation, the angel stays buried inside. No longer hard, twitching as the last drop of semen is pushed inside the man underneath, the small cock between their stomachs can't even get hard.

"I have to let him go… right?" It's just a whisper, one that makes the blond man smile. He doesn't remove the hand covering those ignorant eyes.

"Yeah." Luka doesn't lie, he looks directly at Till, who looks like a kicked puppy. A word for both of them. "It's over."

"I win." He mouthed back to Till.

But he refuses to give up. Life sometimes presents you with how cruel it can be. Before he can take a step inside, there is the broken

cry that stops Till.

Luka frowns, his palm wet with tears.

Till feels like he can't breathe, the first time Ivan makes such sounds. The Ivan that used to stand proud, strong, on top. The sound washes over his head, down to his feet like the rain of that fateful day. The look of fear.

"I love Till…" Ivan cries like he has been torn apart. It feels like a punch in the face. It's loud, but the music from the party drowns the hollow sob. "I love him, it hurts."

Till grabs his neck, taking a step back, his nails digging at the skin. He had taken enough steps back, his body against the glass window outside the fancy place Ivan was kept away from by his owners. He can only watch as the door from the room slowly closes with a silent thump.

No. He can't do that; he can't hurt him again.

Till is no longer the same person.

«I'm sorry.» No words come out. He looks down at the blood under his nails. «I'm coming back. I'm getting better for you.»

The promise resonates in silence on that hidden passageway. The owner of that wish is unaware of the faithful will.

"Ivan. Go to sleep." Says Luka tenderly.

The cold hand brushes away the tears flooding down, kisses spread all around the swollen face. Ivan doesn't really fight back anymore; he is docile, like somewhere else.

Luka takes care of everything, even when Ivan tries to do it by himself. The blond is quick to intervene, he is the one to clean the cum and spit inside. They both shower together, and when Ivan is floating on the warmth of that pool of water, it is Luka the one that changes the bed dressing and chooses whatever looks comfortable to sleep in. Being dressed has always been the case for Ivan, but this time it felt a little more intimate, as his skin is carefully dried, and Luka leaves kisses all around the skin once it's done.

"Let me dress you, okay?"

"Okay." His head was far away, as if someone else was saying it for him.

Luka smiles, wearing a soft-to-the-touch shirt, warm, which fits loosely.

"Here, stand up."

Ivan takes the hand for support, standing up slowly, his hips ache, and his legs feel like jelly as he tries to stand straight.

Luka reaches between the legs, drying the man's intimacy. Ivan yelps, his hand grabbing onto the shoulders of the male who had kneeled. "Just making sure it's good."

"It's. It's good." He nods, looking to the side. Avoiding the citrine

quartz that desperately looked for a stare back. To Ivan, being this carefully tended felt a little overwhelming.

“Here, underwear.” He uses his hand to guide the legs, pulling the white trousers up. Ivan nods. Still not looking his way.

Luka bites the inside of the thigh. And those black eyes snap down, face red. “Hehe, sorry. I quickly catch bad habits, maybe we have spent too much time together.”

Ivan doesn’t have the power to say anything. And the blond man doesn’t tease him any more, as long as the younger one doesn’t look away.

He gets some black pants made of a shiny metallic material, which is smooth against the skin, and he can move without much restraint. As Luka helps him put them on, Ivan can’t help but slowly begin to relax, ready to slip into bed.

Luka opens the covers, helping Ivan lie down slowly. He moves to the side, giving the blond man enough space for them to share.

“You want me to stay?”

“Can you?”

“Yeah.”

End Notes

thank you for reading !

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